

CHAT WITH THE BOXERS

A Day on the Waters of One of Minnesota's Loveliest Lakes.

WHISPERS OF THE WHIRLING WHEEL

The June Trot-Zim in Fave-Yelps from the Bleachers The Lily's Protege and the Usual Weekly Sporty Roundup.

There is but precious little these days of a pugilistic nature worthy of discussion. The fighters are in the last ditch, and many, many moons are destined to wax and wane ere they get out again. This condition of things has been culminating for the past two years, and there was no averting it. While the promoters themselves are largely blame for the situation, disreputable managers and fly-by-night catch-penny clubs are equally responsible. If any city in the country allowed a special match of boxing...

SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Day's Fish at Lake Washington. Colonel Jim Dewar of the Union Pacific, Barrister Sméral and the sporting editor put in Sunday on the lovely waters of Lake Washington, one of the most famous fishing resorts in Minnesota. It is a splendid trip in every way, convenient, economical and enjoyable—a trip that has no equal in this section of the country. You take one of the handsomely equipped sleepers on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad at 5:30 in the evening, and after a pleasant journey of nine hours, through as picturesque a country as man's eyes ever dwell upon, you are landed at Kosota Junction. From this point it is five miles to the lake, and conveyances are always on hand and ready for the trip.

The Lily Has a World-Beater.

OMAHA, May 23.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I am now managing Kathleen Connor, better known as "Little Six," and will back her against any woman in the state for a race or against any man with a suitable hand. I have had her in training for two weeks and she is a wonder. By the way, what is the best horse record for a woman as you please? LILLIE WILLIAMS.

The Ball Tossing Christians.

When the Young Men's Christian Association baseball team here to play the Lincoln team at the Metcalf field on Sunday, the Metcalf team was surprised because they thought the Brewers were not strong enough. So again when the Christians took the field on Sunday, they were surprised because they thought the Brewers were not strong enough. So again when the Christians took the field on Sunday, they were surprised because they thought the Brewers were not strong enough.

Yelps from the Bleachers.

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THE COLONEL.

Briggs' Coming Trotting Meet. There have been many and extensive improvements made at Un'on park across the river, where Colonel Hatch's very popular and successful running session is now in progress, and the outlook is rosy indeed for Clinton Briggs' June trotting meet. The track has been almost entirely remade and today is without an equal in the west. It always was a famous course, both on account of its speed and its general adaptability for the purposes it was intended for, and now with the long needed improvements in all departments, from grandstand to stalls, it gives promise of winning back much of its olden prestige and once more taking a position with the most popular courses in the country. Colonel Hatch has demonstrated that a running meet, in proper hands, is a business proposition and is fully up to his usual standard, and is throwing has shown a marked improvement.

Parishans Have Over Zimny.

"Zim" has found himself in clover in Paris, where the people have made a hero of him before he has won a race. His well-earned reputation is a London critic: "It is the short interval between the consolation race that the crowd got wind that Zimma was inside the ropes. The people began to shout his name, cheering as an evidence of the popularity of the great game this season it might be well to mention that it has been found necessary already to put in a row of bleachers which will seat about 300 or 400."

He was only relieved from his embarrassment by the appearance of the thirteen riders starting in the consolation. In order to pacify the crowd Zim stepped on slightly, and the crowd was glad to get on to a finish for that sum, and they are not particular where they fight, either a club room or a stable, it makes but little difference to them to try to get a chance for a square eat or two.

But in referring to the New Orleans club, inasmuch as they have made up their minds to restore fighting down there, it might not be bad advice for them to proceed with the making of a row of bleachers. Get them off and see how the sky looks. Choynik and Fitzsimmons will not spoil by a little waiting. They have no less than three minor attractions on their bill already, in Everhardt and Burke, Levy and Connors and Gorman and Harry. These ought to answer for a series. That the crowd opposed to this sort of a thing will make a strenuous attempt to prevent the contests is assured, but whether they can or cannot we will see in time.

There is a possibility that the organization was largely blame for the situation, disreputable managers and fly-by-night catch-penny clubs are equally responsible. If any city in the country allowed a special match of boxing...

There is considerable talk being made just now in the east of a limited round contest between Jack McCalliffe and Young Griffo, which, if made, will be a picnic for the followers of the Williamsburger. There has been a lot of wind wasted by the colony of Australians in this country over the exploits of Griffo, his own cellar door, and the romance of how he "done" this and that middle, light or welter weight in jig time as are plentiful as black flies in the Adirondacks. If there is any man in his country in any degree in Griffo's class, who is qualified to make a double-distilled monkey out of the antelope phenomenon, that man is Jack McCalliffe, and rely on it, the match will be made if it is left to McCalliffe. It is a well known fact that Jack never fights unless he is broke, and although I have heard anything or nothing about him for months, the general signs of the times are favorable for such a condition on his part, and he will doubtless come out of the South sea like a black bass goes for a shiner. He has always been one of the greatest money makers the ring ever knew, that is strictly true, and he has never stepped from actual fighting. He has made golfs and golfs of the stuff, a little fortune several times over, but it has always glided from him like water from a duck's back. His championship prestige and universal popularity has never failed to stand him in good stead, and whenever the cloth of the professional was wanted, he was there, and were sure to call upon the debonair lightweight from the suburbs of Brooklyn. He has been elected to go against all the hard men in his class, and he has never failed to fulfill the expectations of his friends. He has made several men rich, and has been in that fix sundry times himself. For a brief period, the big bundle he carried by defeating Billy Meyer at New Orleans a year ago last September, had hardly long enough to know of his own. What he didn't "blow" went for "markers" up with the good people of the town. McCalliffe has always been on with the mounted men, who make business out of sport, and his nod has been good with every bookmaker and pool room keeper from Gotham to the Golden Gate.

But in my enthusiasm over the Williamsburger I have lost sight of Griffo. As I said, however, there are two of them, and both, but think I will end that way. Mike Behan, the Australian's backer, is too shrewd and too level-headed to run his protégé head first into a stone wall. He knows that McCalliffe has the "heft," speed, skill and muscle to rob Griffo of every chance. The latter may be a crackerjack among the light fellows, but that is not the stuff that makes for a big name. It would be like sending a man after elephants with a flobert rifle. Not that Jack is so much bigger, but so much better. Walking around, one would detect but little difference in the size or apparent weight of the two men. What Behan and Griffo had better do is lay low, like Brer Fox, until they have a chance to take a dispute with George Dixon. Should Griffo lack the Halligan then he might go after Jack, just for the fun of the thing.

Tom Biddison is back from Paris, and bloody well glad to get back, although he returns with a roll. As a souvenir of the home of Corbett and Dixon, he has secured him a bunch of old-fashioned luffer matches—the kind in use on our grandfathers' days. They come in split blocks, and most of the younger fellows, who are a little and small like when you light them, that is, like hell is supposed to smell. Tom says they are just like the old days, when they were small and stinking. However, he met one man on the slope with whom he is in high feather. It is Australian Ryan, the welterweight, and he has a chance to be a lightweight, but the glorious climate of California, in his case, has proven a great developer and he now stands ready to meet any welterweight in the world. Ryan is particularly anxious to meet Dick Moore, and will match with him at catchweights. If he does I want a good piece for the most and have a light. Ryan is a cock sure Ryan can whip him. The match ought to be easily made. Moore is out for almost any game and nothing could tickle him more than to come back out here and meet any welterweight living at catchweights. He is in Pittsburgh now with Creelton, Tracey and Dobbis, and a letter addressed to the Academy of Music will catch him.

Most remarkable indeed are the methods of the managers of Corbett and Jackson, says the Recorder article. They have posted the final deposit of \$10,000 with Stakeholder Davis of Chicago, and are proceeding on the even tenor of their respective ways just as if they meant fight and were confident that they had the money to do so. Peter Jackson will not fight in New Orleans and that Corbett will not do battle elsewhere. Under these circumstances the posting of \$10,000 a side and allowing the money to lie for six months causes all hands and the cook to ponder. It certainly is a most perplexing matter.

While the Olympic club managers of New Orleans are going slow, as I thought they would, nevertheless they are undoubtedly determined to have their glove contests as early as at all cost, and they are now endeavoring to work every endeavor to secure Fitzsimmons and Fitzsimmons as their opening attraction. They have had a short interval with Stakeholder Davis of Chicago, and are proceeding on the even tenor of their respective ways just as if they meant fight and were confident that they had the money to do so. Peter Jackson will not fight in New Orleans and that Corbett will not do battle elsewhere. Under these circumstances the posting of \$10,000 a side and allowing the money to lie for six months causes all hands and the cook to ponder. It certainly is a most perplexing matter.

The Omaha play their third game at Peoria today, and on Tuesday and Wednesday next they wind up their first eastern trip at Rock Island, playing morning and afternoon. Decoration day. So far their trip has been a success, but one thing in a great measure to the absence of Moran who was called home from Quincy by the death of a brother. This left the team weak in several places, and the boys played in hard luck besides. With the return of Moran and another felder and pitcher Omaha may be expected to be right in it from this on to the close of the season.

The American Fisheries society held its twenty-third annual session in Philadelphia last week which was largely attended by prominent pisciculturists from all parts of the world. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted: President, W. L. May, Nebraska; vice president, R. O. Sweeney, Minnesota; treasurer, Frank J. Amey, Michigan; secretary, E. P. Doyle; corresponding secretary, Dr. J. A. Henshall, Ohio; executive committee, H. H. Cary, Georgia; L. D. Huntington, Connecticut; C. E. Wood, Pennsylvania; Calvert Speechy, Wisconsin; Charles F. Chamberlaine, Massachusetts; Hoyt Fox, Michigan.

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Robinson has at last got good control of the ball, and it is a pleasure to the spectators to see him strike out men of visiting teams who have been advised by certain members of the press to do so. He is playing right, but he has already demonstrated his hitting ability. He is not a hard hitter, but he has done it on a number of occasions. He is not a hard hitter, but he has done it on a number of occasions.

Jeffries at first is a mark to throw at, if any ever was; he is six feet two or three inches tall, and he is built like a brick. He is not a hard hitter, but he has done it on a number of occasions. He is not a hard hitter, but he has done it on a number of occasions.

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When Captain B. B. C. Colfax... The game is Bellevue's by a score of 17 to 11. BLAIR, Neb., May 18.—To the Sporting Editor of The Bee: I am now managing Kathleen Connor, better known as "Little Six," and will back her against any woman in the state for a race or against any man with a suitable hand. I have had her in training for two weeks and she is a wonder. By the way, what is the best horse record for a woman as you please? LILLIE WILLIAMS. JOHN MORRISSEY'S COMMITTEE. How the Old-Time Congressman Headed Schemes of His Constituents. How to Better Thin Bread.